WHITH PORTACES IN

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The Union-It Must be Preserved.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1855.

Poetry.

Willie Bell.

Down in yonder shadowed valley, Where the death tide waters ro Where huge phantoms ever daily, With the feeting, fainting soul; Where the hymn of death is waking, In the gloom with measured swell Thither wept, our beart-strings breaking Little, loving Willie Balt.

All the spring-time played be gladly, In the summer watched he sadly, All the spring flowers fade and die; And he wandered by the brook side, Where the gushing waters fell-Whore the angels sang at night-tide, Masic low-to Willie Bell.

But when summer blossoms faded, And the autumn leaves flow by.
When the gentle finds were stinded,
By the show wreath from on high, Then a voice came down from Heaven, Like the waves in winding shell, And an angel crown was given To fittle loving, Willie Bell.

Folded then his hands of whiteness, O'er the marble lifeless breast. While sweet strains from harps of brightness Welcomedhim to heavenly rost; O'er the cheek where death damps fell While in dreamicas sleep repealing, Was the form of Willie Bell.

Down within the grassy meadow, Down within the silent vale. Where at even comes the shadow There upon the earth's cold be "Mid the snow-flakes as they fell, Laid we our bright summer blossom; v'd in death, sweet Willie Bell.

The Motherless.

God help and shield the motherless The stricken, bleeding dove-For whom there gushes no rich fount, Of deep and deathless love!

The anddest title grief confers For who so lone as they, Upon whose path a mother's love

Sheds not its holiest ray. No gentle form above them bends To soothe the couch of palu-Nor voice so fond as hers, essays

To calm the feverish brain: Oh, other tongues may whisper love, In accents soft and mild; But none on earth so pure as that A mother bears her child

Judge kindly of the motherless-A wenry lot is theirs. And oft the heart the gayest seems, A look of sorrow bears:

No faithful voice directs their steps Or blds them onward press, "And If they gang a kennin, wrang,"

And when the sinful and the frail.

The tempted and the tried, Unspotted one! shall cross thy path, Oh, spurn them not saide: Thou know'st not what thou had'st been And when thy lips would went repronch

A blessing on the motherless, Whore'er they dwell on earth Within the home of childbood,

Or at the stranger's hearth! Blue be thesky above their heads And bright the sun within, O God, protect the motherless.

And keep them free from sin!

The Snow of Age.

We have just stumbled upon the following pretty piece of mosaic, lying amid a multiade of those less attractive: "No snow falls lighter than the snow of

age: but none is heavier, for it never melts." The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The scripture represents age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall four shy-the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair was turning grey, that it looked as if Time had lightly plashed his snows upon it in passing.

"It never melts"-no, never. Age is in exorable; its wheels must move onward; they know not any retrograde movement .-The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again," but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth. but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secret of the alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy schemes of early years, but as one who gazes on his home from the "deck of a departing ship, every moment carrying him further and further away. Poor eld man! he bas little more to do than die. "It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blossoms upon the wailey and mountain, but soon the aweet spring follows and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteren; there is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay; its single flakes fell unnoticed and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we by the old man in his grave there it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness, for there is no age in heaven.

Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain It is beautiful, honorable, and eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death when life and the world are so full of emptiness ! Let the old exult because they are old; if any must weep, let it be the young at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is the emblem of peace and rest. It is but a temporal crown, which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and gal Henry.

OF Every man owes it to society to be for the poor man's adv er heeded, let it be ever so valuable. Phrow will want to hear it ring. Throw a comdown, and its, voice will attract as little attention as a poor relation's.

A Popular Gale.

THE DIAMOND RING:

Or, the Astrologer's Straingem.

A TALE OF BOSTON IN 1775. BY OLIVER OPTICAL

CHAPTER IV.

THE MURDER. Punctually to his appointment, Culonel Powell went to the goldsmiths' shop the next "very singular. Could the body have been with an indignant flash of his bright eye. morning. Mr. Waldeck was in the shop alone. The loan of five hundred pounds was ready; the necessary papers were executed, it has not been opened, to my knowledge, erlasting infamy." and the officer, with a feeling of deep satis- for years," said Waldeck. faction, deposited the amount in his pocket. "Where is Mr. Dewrie ?" asked he.

"He has not been seen since your visit here yesterday afternoon," replied the goldsmith with a nervous twitch of the head." "Is it possible ! Where can he be !"

Colonel Powell.

"I do perfectly well. Have you made any inquiries !"

customed to visit, but have been unable to implicate the murderer. obtain any tidings of him. His bed was not occupied last night."

ring could not be found.

"Nothing has happened to him, I trust." felt the most gloomy doubts."

"Where is his villainous nephew !" and news.

interview with him."

serious, has it !" asked Colonel Powell, with as to cause me much uneasiness." glance of intelligence at the other.

"No, the young man is, in the main, a very good fellow." "But, in his passion, has he not made way

with the old man !" "Impossible ! he could never be guilty of

such an act." "Perhaps not! but my own opinion of the young fellow is anything but favorable."

"You wrong him by such a suspicion. I assure you he is a very worthy man; and as to any immoral or criminal act, he is utterly incapable of it."

"Perhaps he is. But have you searched he house ?"

"Yes, every part of it."

"Where does he keep his valuables !" "Mr. Waldeck hesitared a moment, and then replied that they were scattered about not know where.

"Have you examined the cellar !" Mr. Waldeck acknowledged that the tho't of searching the cellar had never occurred out! you-" to him-that it was a mere lumber-room. rarely visited by any one. Colonel Powell, who, in his prejudices a-

most terrible suspicion of him, proposed to search the cellar. Waldeck, protesting that it was needless, assented, and the trap-door was raised. As they were about to descend, two of the neighbors who had been engaged in the search entered the shop. They were requested to accompany the others, and the four descended together. On the bottom of the cellar lay the hat of the missing man.

"Here is a clue, at least; let us examine more closely," said Powell, as he stooped over to examine more particularly the spot which was partially obscured by the darkness of the cellar. "Good Heavens ! here is blood !" exclaim-

ed he, as his eyes rested on a large dark pool. "Ay, it is blood !" repeated one of the eighbors.

"Great God! is it possible ! are you sure t is blood Colonel ?" said Mr. Waldeck, in a slightly tremulous tone.

"Blood! certainly, sir! I have been long dered !" enough a soldier to know blood when I see it," replied the Colonel. "But let us look

"Here is a knife," said one of the men, who had been engaged in the search, as he picked up a long-bladed jack-knife.

"And covered with blood," added Colone Powell as he took the knife. "This looks My God! is it possible I am accused like foul play." "It does, indeed !" said Mr. Waldeck, whose nerves were terribly agitated.

"Ay, there has been murder here-foul, cold-blooded murder !" exclaimed Colonel Powell. "But to whom does this knife be-nocent!" exclaimed Robert, shrinking back extreme. Inheriting the temperament and traitor to his country." sassin," and he approached the little window which shed a few faint rays upon the

blood from the plate, and approached still rer the window to read the name.

"I fear it is true; and the murder must have been committed in this place. Now, bear you no malice." and where is the body I Look around, gentleturbed."

The party all diligently examined the botto have been disturbed.

"This is singular," said Colonel Powell,

removed during the night !" "There is a passage way to the street; but

The door way was examined, and there were evidences that it had been quite recentmore particular examination disclosed seve. ment at the goldsmith. ral smears of blood. It was plain that the "I can form no idea. The last I heard of further search was made to discover, if poshim was during the quarrel with his nephew sible, anything which would throw more

Ehough had been ascertained to convince

"My daughter's ring was on his finger at throw the guilt upon him. But even with young man vehemently denied, and appealed soul was too elevated, his patriotism too nothe time I called upon you. See if it is in this apparently overwhelming testimony, Mr. to Waldeck. the shop." Mr. Waldeck searched, but the Waldeck continued to believe, or pretended to believe, that Robert Dewrie could not be last evening, Mr. Waldeck !" said he. the assassin.

"Since I came into the shop this morning. The two neighbors, satisfied in their own and learned he was not in the house, I have minds that the young man had murdered his your advantage," said Mr. Waldeck, in a By the adoption of a system of espionage, uncle, departed from the shop to spread the gentle and persuasive tone.

Colonel Powell scowled at the mention of "Mr. Waldeck, I have a double reason for time!" exclaimed Robert, aghast with aston- quest of Amelia Powell's heart. On the lamenting this unhappy occurrence. My ishment at the goldsmith's cool denial. "He has not been seen since the quarret daughter s ring, unless he removed it before with his uncle. Probably you had the last his disappearance, was on the finger of the victim as I have said before-a ring which The events of the previous evening, as the no money could replace; for whose loss no- pounds!" reader has suspected, were known to him ; thing could compensate her. It was beindeed, he had followed Robert Dewrie, and queathed to her by a dying mother under ve- no money of me." given Colonel Powell the information which ry peculiar circumstances, and she values it "My God! what can this mean!" and the had made him a listener at the dining-room beyond comparison. I know not how I can young man pressed his hands on his swim-"The quarrel has not resulted in anything ticulars connected with it, and they are such Robert Dewrie was overwhelmed by this returned from the goldsmiths' shop, entered

"It is possible, but not probable. The vil- fore acted, he examined his pockets for the tion on her cheek. lain has probably made his escape, and it will purse handed him by Waldeck on the previbe long before he will show himself again ous evening. By Heavens ! here he is," said he, as hour had disclosed enter the shop.

The young patriot certainly appeared to ding to Colonel Powell, and with a word of smith, as he took it from him. "Here are his salutation to Waldeck, he was about to pass into the back parlor, when the officer placed his hand upon his shoulder, and haughtily bade him stop. Robert Dewrie turned around, and with a scowl upon his finely in various hiding-places, he believed; he did chiscled brow, was about to harl his indignation at the Colonel, when the latter address-

> ed him. "Robert Dewrie, your crime has found you

"Colonel Powell, I am not to be intimida ted; you threatened me last night, but you see I do not fear you," interrupted Robert. "Young man, I accuse you of a greater gainst Robert Dewrie, was harboring the crime even than treason. You are a mur-"No, no, Colonel, it cannot be true; do

not accuse him," interposed Waldeck. do not understand you," said Robert, calmly, but with an anxious glauce of inquiry at the "He knows nothing about it; I knew he

was innocent-thank God he is !" exclaimed Waldeck with apparent fervency. Colonel Powell looked with surprise at the goldsmith, while something like a sneer rested upon his countenance.

"Of course he will deny it. After all the pains he has taken to conceal the deed, he is not likely to inform against himself." "Deny what sir ? Will you tell the mean-

ing of all this ?' said the young man, with a gesture of impatience. "Then you do not know that your uncle has been murdered-basely, cruelly mur-

"Murdered ! good Heavens ! no,!" exclaimed Robert, "When and where was the deed done !!

"This pretended ignorance will not avail obtained leaves not a doubt as to the assas-

sin," said Colonel Powell, sternly.

the foul crime ?" "But, perhaps, Robert, you can remove the suspicion which attaches to you," mildly

"God is my witness that I am entirely in-"You act your part well, young man," re-

covered a small silver plate on the handle; "Colonel Powell, I believe you are a sol- revels of the drawing room. The routine of dier and a gentleman. Recent events have fashionable dissipation to which her father infortunately made you my enemy. You have in your rankling beart, already condemned me. Is this just ! Is it generous ! Her introduction to Robert Dewrie had ciful to you. Basely and cruelly Robert Can you not treat your fees with magnanim- been entirely accidental. She had met him Dewrie has taken the life of his own unc lity ?" and Rebert Dewrie folded his arms in scarcely a year before, in the hovel of pov-

Colonel Powell, "The name is Robert dignified composure, regarding with an eagle crty, ministering to the wants of the suffer- ed, and her frame trembled with the viogaze the haughty man before him.

tom of the cellar, but the earth appeared not forth to your fellowcitizens ay, to your fel- casionally he attended her home, and she to cling to hom in his hour of peril, as she lowpatriots, that you are a murderer-"

will consign you to the gallows and an ev- heavily upon her heart. This would exclude spired to ruin him. Yet, with the evidence

extremities with him," exclaimed Waldeck. much sympathy for the injured colonists, she but recognize the possibility of his guilt. ly opened. A light was procured, and a Colonel Powell, with a glance of astonish- for his devotion to the welfare of his coun- Powell, congratulating himself on the appa-

body had been removed from the cellar. A parlor; the people will shortly interrnpt us." appealed more strongly to her affections. "I wish not to escape," said Robert calmly.

-you remember the circumstance," and light on the foul assassination, but nothing where an examination of the merits of the had unfolded his heart, and offered it on the "O, God! his bloody hand!" exclaimed Mr. Waldeck fixed an uneasy glance upon was found, and the party returned to the case ensued. Robert was shown his own shrine of her affections. The offering was she, as the terrible incident of the previous knife, covered with blood. He was horror not disdained, and the record of their devostruck at the sight, and protested his innotion and their vows was witnessed above. I mind, conveying the irresistible concluse that her heart's life was indeed a fiend. all that a murder had been perpetrated, and cence. Be had left it in the shop some days "Yes, I have been to every place he is ac- there was strong presumptive evidence to before, he said. He was next reminded of gathering over the colonies, and Robert Her delicate nerves, already strained to the quarrel, which certainly tended to impli- Dowrie found himself more and more aliena- their utmost tention, could endure no more, despot, and was condemned to an ignoralin-The quarrel, and the threat, the knife and cate him. His absence since the quarrel ted from the sympathies and views of Colo- and she sunk fainting into the arms of her the absence of the nephew, all conspired to was then commented upon. But this the nel Powell. It was a sad thought, but his dather.

"Was I not in my room at seven o'clock

"I do not know that you were, Robert, if the fact can be shown, it would be greatly to and Waldeck was led to suspect the fact. The British Troops at Inker-"Did you not come to my room about that

"Not that I remember, Robert," answered

Waldeck, with a sorrowful air. "And did you not let me have a hundred

"Why Robert you are demented; you had

found," suggested Mr. Wuldeck, looking time he endeavored to collect his scattered cold sternness; but to her surprise, he greetinto the face of the other with a blank ex- senses. A sudden thought inspired him with ed her with even more than usual gentle-

"Here are the purse and the money just he saw Robert Dewrie, apparently ignorant as you gave them to me. Luckily I have of the painful circumstances which the last not disturbed either." And Robert extend-

ed the purse toward Waldeck. "Now, God be with you, Robert; this was be entirely unconcerned and at ease. Nod- your uncle's purse," exclaimed the gold-

> Colonel Powell examined the purse and recognized the letters. "The evidence is conclusive," said he, re-

turning the purse to Waldeck. "Our duty is plain." But Waldeck was unwilling to give the

young man into the hands of justice, and while they were deliberating upon this point, Robert, by a hasty movement, made his escape from the house through the back door. He had taken this step after a hasty but

affected the administration of justice. Befory a jury of loyalists he would have a small night of sorrow had made. Whatever his er, to be sure; but it would all be done as chance of his life. It was evident that Waldeck was conspiring against him; even while daughter with a hot headed rebel, the event devil there is in men's natures could never "What cannot be true, Mr. Waldeck ! I he was manifesting the deepest, anxiety for was now rendered impossible by the infamy exhibit itself more horribly than at the batfact of lending him the money was sufficient to convict him of the existence of a deep-laid plot for his ruin. Waldeck had a that of his beloved daughter. motive, too, in desiring to get rid of him .-Under these circumstances, he determined not to abide the combined action of conspiracy and partial justice. Trusting, therefore, in the future to redeem his name from infamy, be had made his escape, and folding his cloak closely around him, he directed his steps toward Cambridge.

Waldeck's arguments were so strong that Colonel Powell yielded the claims of duty and permitted the young patriot to depart unpursued.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCLOSURY Amelia Powell had passed a night of the most painful anxiety. The sharer of her heart's fondest emotions had been banished in her heart. from her presence-had been treated with you, Robert Dewrie. The evidence already the most undisguised contempt. To her devoted heart this was meet cause for anxiety. The future seemed robbed of its promised favor upon him." of bliss, and only frowned in gloomy forebod-

ings upon her brightest hope: Her father's gay and luxurious habits compelled her to mix with the light-hearted rev- he is at fault, it is because he has been miselers in the saloon of fashion; but, deprived guided. Do not condemn him for that." of her soul's ideal, it was distasteful in the her happiness consisted in the most simple Tell me all; I know he is incapable of any marked the Colonet, whose prejudices had enjoyments of life. The peaceful heaven of buseness." onvicted the accused, rather than the suspi- the fireside at home was more desirable than the giddy mases of the dance, or the light was devoted; was a monofonous round of minoratoher) o satisfer tiretronni

him from her father's sympathy; this would so palpably against him, she could not but "Nay, nay, Colonel, let us not proceed to be the dividing line between them. With realize the danger of his position-could not "Would you allow him to escape ?" said could not but esteem her friend more highly "You see, Amelia," continued Colone try. There was a Roman virtue in his com- rent fortitude with which his daughter had "I would; but let us retire to the back position which increased ber admiration, and listened to his narration-"you see that Rob-

Various opportunities for intercourse oc- heart last night, was a murderer! that his The three retired to the inner apartment curred, and at a fitting time, Robert Dewrie hand was stained with his uncle's blood!"

ble, to be seduced from his duty even by silken lure of love.

The young patriot's open heart could not conceal entirely the joys which animated it; he had satisfied himself that Robert Dewrie was the rival most to be dreaded in his conpreceding night he had followed him to Queen street, and revealed to the astonished father the disagrecable truth, which had en-

a bled him to surprise the lovers. Amelia, with a sad heart, had seated mind was overshadowed with anxiety for her the apartment. From the events of the pre- Governments that begun this war, there able the dealer to keep cool in warm weathnew energy, and more calmly than he had be- ness, and imprinted a fatherly kiss of affec-

"You look pale this morning, Amelia; you are ill!" said Colonel Powell, in a tone of solicitude: for whatever his faults, whatever the peculiarities of his nature, he loved his daughter, his only child, with an earnest de-

"No, father. I am quite well," replied Amelia, and the tears gathered in her eyesher father's gentleness had melted her tender heart. "What ails you, child! Why these tears!"

votior.

and the fond father wiped away the reproaching drops. "Forgive me, father; forgive me that I offended you last night."

"Nay, think no more of it, Amelia; forget him-he is unworthy your love." "Do not say so, father; I love him fondly,

Colonel Powell was distressed to find that the affair of the previous evening, which he could never in nature be brought to butcher horough examination of his position. The had interrupted, was not an idle flictation, as one another, as Briton butchered Russian disturbed state of the colony had materially he had anxiously hoped. He saw with the and Russian Briton. They might fight batdeepest solicitude the inroads which a single tles, bombard, kill, and destroy one anothown prejudices against the union of his men do things, and not as demons. The his safety. The goldsmith's denial of the of the young patriot. His experience of the of Inkermann. woman's heart clearly indicated the danger of crossing a fond and tender affection like

"I trust, my child, you have not irretrievably bestowed your affections upon this young Not that the Frenchman is nacking in any in cities and forests-mountains in a blue. man," said Colonel Powell, after a long of the qualities that go to make up the good pause, in which the painful realities of his daughter's position had rapidly flitted through be assigned less laborious duty, in the whole Disasters by railroads, and greater ones by

Amelia made no reply, but gazed with a

of her father. indeed; he is utterly unworthy of you," said pose in the short interval between the two all the land. Such events show us that God Colonel Powell, in a sorrowful tone.

and just. I love him for his virtues, for his in the Inkermann affair, (eight thousand five fleets, like those that distress the other hempure and noble nature. You cannot know hundred to fifty thousand, it is said!) is a imphere, in order to reduce the proud to his him, father; you are prejudiced against him," problem, which those who are better ac- mility, or to make his sovreignty known of pleaded Amelia from the mine of tenderness quainted with the wonderful powers of hu-"I grieve for you my daughter; but recent

events have disclosed his true character .--

If he were a different man, I might look with "What do you mean, father! What recent events! Do you refer to the battle of Lexington? His heart is true to his country; if

"Alas, my child, he is even worse than "Do not wound me with these dark words man you love is a murderer! a ci (blog !

"A murderer! no, father, no! Y him," and the devoted girl alsaged with non-vulnive energy the hand of her father was wit is too true, my child may God be m

ing. Her heart sympathized with his in the lence of her emotions. With pointed effort "Robert Dewrie," said the officer, after a mission of mercy. His manly form and she maintained her compostre, while Colomomentary pause, "it is true, you have st. handsome face, lighted by a bright, intelli- nel Powell narrated the revolting particutempted to injure med in a vitat part, but I gent eye, now beaming with gentle sympa- lars of the tragedy at the goldsmiths. The thy; his modest, graceful demeanor and re- suspicious circumstances which had crientae "It is false, sir; I have never attempted to spectful but earnest gaze of admiration he ted her lover, were placed in the most heart. passage through France, which, in its tone indications of the ground having been disturbed."

I love your bestowed upon her—all had contributed to rending minuteness before her. But she, and spirit, shows how much personal and spirit and spir "It matters not now; it has already gone her daily walks of charity she met him; oc- in all to her. With an inward determination learned more of his character and pursuit, had when his aky had been comparatively "Which is false, eir," interrupted Robert, The intelligence that he was one of the most bright; she heard the conclusion of the terdevoted of the agitators of the day, which rible relation. All this might be the inven-"I am not your judge, but the evidence she had obtained through other sources, fell tion of his enemies. They might have con-

ert Dewrie, even while he pressed you to his

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellancons.

de mann.

It is seldom that news from abroad has created so profound an impression among us, as have the details of the sanguinary battle of Inkermann, published in the journals yesterday; and we doubt whether foreign intelligence of any sort ever had a more attentive or general perusal. It was plucked from the stem? Energy may be self in the sitting room. The book she held the theme of, remark in all circles, and with received no share of her attention. Her men of every class. The desperate valor sharpening knives. Apple stands rield of the British troops, we believe, never had profit enough to pay for an upper room and warmer eulogy than that which voluntari- something approaching to comfort. Matchlover. As she was thus pondering her warmer eulogy than that which voluntaries industriously offered have purchased a vious night, she expected to be tre ated with seems to be, so far as we have opportunity er, and more than pay for coals and expento observe, a spontaneous sentiment of approbation for the lion-hearted heroes who, in the face of such terrible odds, bore aloft so bravely the banner of old England, in the py vocation with vigor. Out of employstorm of death that, on the memorable 5th, burst over the embattled heights, of Inker-

> We cannot forget that time was when we ourselves crossed bayonets with the Briton, on American soil; but the memories of the Revolution, and the later recollections of 1812, are not of a character to lessen our admiration of the public qualities which shine out so brilliantly in all their engagements in the Crimes. There never was a battle fought between American and British troops, on this continent, so ferociously bloody as that of Alma or Inkermann, and it is difficult to believe there ever could be. Men who have a common ancestry, speak the same language, live under pretty much the same laws, bow at the same altar, have the same literature, and acknowledging the closest social ties, it seems to us,

We speak thus especially of the British troops, because the French troops all along appear to have been content to perform a asters. Drouth, in the best agricultural discomparatively minor part in the drama .-soldier, but rather, it is their good fortune to terior. Yellow fever raging as never before. course of the seige, than that which fell to rivers and by sea. Sailing vessels lost, and their British brethren. The English troops look of inexpressible anxiety into the face at Inkermans, it should be borne in mind, were the same that fought at Alma but a "You must forget him, Amelia; you must, few days before. They had but little re- ands of lives lost; mouning and wailing fill hattles; and how, under the circumstan- does not need wars; foes of steel and iron, "No, father, he is all that is manly; true ces, they could make the stand they did, serned ranks of invading hosts and armed man endurance in such emergencies may solve. New York Paper of the age of

The eminent Dr. Rush, says that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes to defend very much from those lisaese to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldem afflicted with consumption, and spitling of blood is almost unknown smong them in fact atributed by Dr. Rush, in part, to the strength which their langs acquire by exercising them so frequently in yocal music. which constitutes an essential branch of their education, from their earliest years odd

THE BOTTOM .- A letter from New York. on the 19th, says that banks show the meelves 21 000,000 attengen in gold then in most the \$1,300,000, over-drawn from the Ganernment Bank, only 2000,000. The Bowery Savings Bank only 100 27,000 on Seturdays from which the applicate that the full to

portion of a letter to Mr. Mason, in Paris, written by South on his being the

the following extract: " the roll of Freed but "This case will not admit of any equivos tion. Of an outrage which attacks my oublic characters M. Bonaparte endeavors to make thus tardily and craftly a personal affront, my antecedents, he has told you, ing of a nature to provoke the attention of the imperial government." Well, I will oppose my antecedents to those of my insulter.

"As you know, I exiled myself voluntarily in 1825, to escape persecution brought upon me by the ardent struggle in which f had engaged against the deplorable policy inaugurated by the faccession of Charles X to the throne of France, and which, in 1830, led to the breaking by the people of the crown of that monarch.

"While I was studying liberty in the country of my adoption: while I was devoting myself to serious pursuits thanks to which I have been able to become what I am-M. Louis Bonaparte, twice a rebel and once a murderer, appeared as a criminal before the grand tribunal of the nation over

fous punishment.
"While a Senater, elected by the free and unsolicited suffrages of the State of Louisiana, I mounted the steps of the Capital, M. Louis Bonaparte was bathing in the blood of a people massacred by the shirres whom he had just enrolled to make them the monsters of his appetites and covetousness."

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT .- Out of employment! The exclamation is almost as common as the notices of "to let" on new houses. Why out of employments Has ingenuity reached its end that flesh and blood must waste as the flower wilts when seen any day in the week at a street corner ses when frost prevails. An Ethiopian swill collector has qualified himself to exercise the elective franchise by pursuing his alspment! Who can know who or what you are if you stand at the corner moping and wondering why a stranger does not step forward and extend a helping hand! Never hope to jump at once into prosperity, for the chasm between industry and idleness is of frightful width. Never allow pride to bring a blush to your cheek because your busi-ness is humble. Pride is not reliable in all cases. If you labor you produce, and producers are certain of reward in some form. If you are cheated of your money, an honest man may hear of your calamity, and with generous heart offer you a position.-Never say "out of employment!" because

no reasonable excuse can be offered therefor. The world is wide the people daily find rest in the cemeteries, and places must be supplied. There's work enough for all, while integrity and sincerity are characteristics. Try again .- Albany Knickerbook

Mournful Events. The N. O. Christian Advocate, recently in recapitulating the heavy misfortunes that have befallen our nation during the present year, sums up the mournful tale in language as full of truth as the year has been of mem-When It is assessed with the selfert "We sing of mercy and judgment. The

year past will be signal in history for its districts, cutting off millions of produce offe Cholera invading from the sea-coast to the insteamers, huge and staunch foundering mild ocean, or in tempting view of shore, or baraing in hopeless distance of rescue. Thous-

We think it is not generally known that the Parliament or Great Britain atterly pealed the usury laws in August last. "In re ferring to the subject a few days wince the fact had escaped our recollection. The W was unanimous in both Houses. It is not lawful in the United Kingdom to loan in ey on any rate of interest and on any tion of property. In the course of the on the measure in the House of Dardie and 1837, if was found that the efeviously into the set his the